

CreamPureRye

The
WHISKEYAmerica's Finest
Production

Rich and Mellow

Lovejoy & Co.,

Agents,

902-914 Nuuanu Street. 'Phone Main 308
Importers and Dealers in Fine Wines and Liquors.

Short Stories For Evening Hours

GIRLS' IMPROMPTU PARTY

When father was suddenly called abroad on business he sent Ella and me to Aunt Jane. Mother had died when we were babies and we had always lived with father at Northcott. People said we were dreadfully spoiled, and I have no doubt we were. I was 19 and Ella was 20, and we were as full of fun as girls of that age generally are; hence we did not at all relish the idea of being packed off to Aunt Jane's. We wanted to go to Uncle Randolph's at Braceport, but Aunt Annette was ill with fever and they could not have us, so Aunt Jane was our fate.

She was really our great-aunt. Mountain Slope, where she lived, was away back among the hills. It was not a bad sort of a place at all, as we discovered when we had been there long enough to get acquainted. There was more of young people, the merriest set we had ever fallen in with. There was no end to the good times we had—dances, skating parties, sleighrides, socials and toboggan slides.

Ella and I soon found ourselves quite popular. Ella is a pretty girl and straightway became a belle in Mountain Slope society. She is tall and graceful, with dark curly hair and big brown eyes. As for me I never had a scrap of beauty to bless myself with. I am small and dainty-malicious, with a pair nose, numerous freckles and half of some nondescript shade—mouse-gray is the nearest I can come to it. But I am said to be very vivacious and jolly and to be always very well dressed, so, in spite of my disadvantages, I don't come in so very far behind Ella in the social race.

But Aunt Jane was dreadful. We had never seen her before and when she met us at the Mountain Slope station on the evening of our arrival, Ella whispered to me that she felt in her bones that she and Aunt Jane weren't going to get along together.

Aunt Jane was tall and bony and grim, with iron-gray hair and spectacles. What she thought of us we didn't know then, but we had plenty of chances to find out her opinion later on. She lived alone in a big old-fashioned house on the hill; it was as bare and grim as Aunt Jane herself.

However, we got along better than we had expected at first sight. To be sure, she disapproved of us strongly and didn't fail to tell us so. She said we were extravagant gadabouts and prophesied a sad downfall to our pride and vanity. But, with the exception of these tirades and an occasional brush when we came in later than usual, she let us severely alone. We were allowed to come and go pretty much as we pleased.

We had, however, one bitter grievance. We accepted other people's hospitality, but could offer none in return. We could not even invite a friend to the house. Ella tried it once and asked Nelson Wyeth and his sisters to one evening, but she never dared to do it again. Aunt Jane gave us a lecture after they had gone that sneaked us. We could get about as we pleased, she told us; that was our father's lookout, not hers. But we need not expect to turn her house into a Bedlam, and we might understand once for all that when she desired visitors at "The Willows" she would invite them herself. Ella and auntie had a stormy time over it, but, of course, Aunt Jane came off best. We had to resign ourselves, but we wished we had never set eyes on Mountain Slope.

We repeated that wish when Nelson Wyeth and Max Wallace came to take us for a drive the next evening. They were both such nice boys; somehow when they were around we didn't consider Mountain Slope unbearable at all and even Aunt Jane was invested with a softening aureole.

Of course, Aunt Jane disapproved of them, not on their own personal account, but on general principle. Aunt didn't like men; she had been "disappointed" in her youth, so people said, and held a grudge against the sex ever after. That wasn't any fault of Nelson and Max, but the innocent have to suffer with the guilty in this world.

One afternoon, a month later, Aunt Jane electrified us by announcing that she was going away for a week. "My cousin Jeremiah's wife down at Cape Glenn is laid up with sciatica, and I consider it my bounden duty to go down and look after her. I've got Mahaly Brown to stay here while I'm away."

When Aunt left the room Ella and I looked at each other. "A whole week!" said I. "And Mahaly Brown will agree to anything," said Ella.

"Well give—"
"A party—"
"And ask everybody—"
"And get Mrs. Wallace and Sarah Wyeth to chaperone us—"
"And dance—"
"And do everything up in style—"
"And, oh, won't it be fun! We're paying our board here, and Aunt Jane is a perfect tyrant—so it isn't a bit of harm."

We got away in our rooms and made our plans. Aunt Jane was going on Monday morning and wouldn't be back until Saturday night. We could get ready by Thursday evening and have Friday to clean up in. Mahaly Brown could be trusted to hold her tongue, and even if Aunt Jane should find it

out some time it would be all over then, and she could hardly kill us.

Early on Monday morning Aunt Jane took her departure. When she was really gone Ella and I waited around the breakfast room once or twice and then flew to interview Mahaly Brown.

She fell in with our plans at once. Mahaly is a delightful old creature. "When the cat is away the mice will play," she remarked philosophically. "I guess you'd have your own way anyway, so I'll help you all I can and hold my tongue."

We went down to see Mrs. Wallace and coaxed her and Sara Wyeth, Nelson's aunt, to chaperone us. We sent our invitations out, and by Thursday night, by dint of working "tooth and nail," as Mahaly said, everything was in readiness.

We had taken up the carpet in the yellow parlor, bundled out all the old horsehair chairs, crocheted nightmares and hideous old family portraits, decorated walls and windows with evergreens and waxed the floor until we could see our faces in it.

In the breakfast room we laid the supper table, all beautifully adorned with carnations and ferns. It really looked too lovely.

Thursday night was fine and everybody came. Ella looked positively radiant that evening. She was far and away the prettiest girl in the room. As for me, I never came so near looking pretty in my life before; the unusual excitement had flushed my dull skin, my dress, a pale yellow crepey thing, became me, and the lovely roses Max had sent up and which I wore in my hair quite etherealized its nondescript coloring.

"What have you been doing to yourself, Kitty?" asked Max admiringly, as we danced together, "you're stunning tonight. You girls know how to give a party when you set out to."

Max was right—our party was a signal success. At 11 we all fluttered down to supper; we had just got nicely settled in our places when the catastrophe came.

Mahaly Brown appeared in the doorway with an agonized face, and beckoned to me so ominously that I felt sure some dreadful thing must have happened. I wondered, as I rose, if she had spoiled the coffee or let the cat get at the cream.

Then Mahaly disappeared as suddenly as if she had been jerked away—I verily believe she had—and Aunt Jane loomed up in the doorway, a carpet bag in one hand and her atrocious green veil streaming back from her bonnet in the draft of the hall door; and her face—but that is beyond words!

Mrs. Wallace was the first to recover her presence of mind. She rose with a nervous smile. "You have just come in time, my dear Miss Weaver."

"So it seems," said Aunt Jane grimly.

"Ella and Kitty," went on Mrs. Wallace, "wanted to give their friends a little party, as of course you know, and as you were summoned away they asked me to chaperone it. Since you have returned, of course—"

Mrs. Wallace got no further. Any woman would have quailed before the glare of Aunt Jane's eyes. She wavered helplessly down on her chair and looked at Ella and me.

I could not have said a word had it been to save my life, and Ella seemed likewise stricken dumb. Aunt Jane plumped her carpet bag on the floor and sat squarely down on a vacant chair in a corner of the room.

"Pray, don't let me interrupt you," she said stoutly. "Go on with your supper by all means."

I pulled myself together and Mahaly came in with the coffee, her big face as pale as it could possibly be. I shall never forget that terrible meal! Who could eat with that rigid figure sitting bolt upright in the corner?

It seemed a century before it was over. Then we fled miserably out. In the hall everybody suddenly discovered that it was necessary to go home at once. We did not try to prevent them. Never in my life have I spent parting guests so gladly. Mrs. Wallace and Sara Wyeth tried to comfort us, but we were beyond consolation.

When the door had closed behind the last subdued guest Ella and I fled to our room. I cast myself on the bed, regardless of crepe and roses, and cried despairingly.

Ella didn't. "I feel as badly as you do," she snapped, "but do you suppose I am going to let Aunt Jane have the satisfaction of seeing me cry? No, indeed! Oh, what must everybody think! And how people will talk! Kitty, for goodness sake, stop crying. I'm going to write to father tomorrow and tell him we simply cannot live here any longer."

She was to be spared the trouble. Just then Aunt Jane marched in. I suppose she had been disposing of poor Mahaly, which accounted for her delay. I bounced up and wiped away my tears. Ella looked defiant and deliberately turned her back on our enraged relative.

Aunt Jane wasted no words. "Nice doings for a respectable woman to come home and find in her house! Aren't you ashamed of yourselves?"

"Not particularly," said I, beginning to feel reckless.

"Oh, well, I am not going to keep you a day longer. I shall write to your

Suffered Terribly from Indigestion.
Cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.



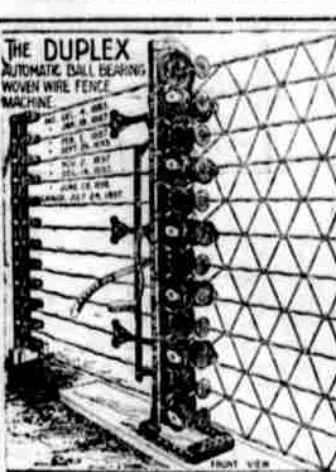
"It is with pleasure that I can testify to the great benefit I derived from the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I suffered terribly from indigestion, and tried several medicines without avail. I was then persuaded to take

Ayer's
Sarsaparilla

and after using a few bottles my indigestion was cured, my appetite came back, and I was strong and hearty. This is some years since, and my old complaint has not returned, but I always keep a bottle in the house, and when I feel at all out of sorts a few doses put me right again in quick order."—W. SINKISON, Mt. Vernon, S. A.

There are many imitation Sarsaparillas. Be sure you get "AYER'S."

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.
AYER'S PILLS, the best family laxative.



THE DUPLEX
AUTOMATIC DRILL
MACHINE
This machine MAKES fence from 1 to 5 ft. high with 1 to 12 in. mesh with a breaking strain of over 25,000 lbs. at a cost of 50c and up per rod, being Horse-high, Bull-strong, Pig-tight, Chicken and Mongoose Proof. Catalogues on application.

J.C. AXTELL & CO.,

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE ISLANDS.
1048-50 ALAKEA ST.
Phone Blue 1801. P. O. Box 642.

father exactly how you have behaved, and tomorrow morning I shall send you straight off to your Uncle Randolph's. Your aunt is well now, and I don't intend to be disgraced longer with you. You shall go on the early train, remember."

She stalked out and Ella and I looked at each other.

"I'm glad," said Ella, "I don't care what she writes to father, and I never could look any one in Mountain Slope in the face again. Only, if we go off like this without a word to Nelson and Max, they won't know where we've gone, and they'll think we didn't care whether they do or not."

By daylight we were both packing energetically. Just as I was folding up my crumpled crepe there came a cautious rat-tat-tat at the window.

We pulled up the blind. Down below in the kitchen garden Max was standing, up to his knees in the snow, with a long switch in his hand.

Aunt Jane's room was on the other side of the house. We pushed up the sash and I stuck my head out.

"You are both alive yet, I see," said Max. "I couldn't rest until I found out. Nelson wanted to come, too, but I persuaded him that one was risky enough. Did your respected aunt rampage very bad?"

"Oh, Max, she was awful! And we have to go right off this morning on the early train. We're packing now. Max's face fell. "Where are you going?"

"To Uncle Randolph's at Braceport." "Braceport! That isn't exactly at the antipodes. Say, Kitty, if Nels and I were suddenly to discover that we had some urgent business in Braceport, do you think Uncle Randolph would be as inhospitably inclined as Aunt Jane?"

Ella and I looked at each other. There was a noise in the front room. "Tell him quick," said Ella.

I looked out again. "You can come and try," I said.

Then I shut the window.—L. M. Montgomery in Springfield Republican.

For Kidney and Bladder Troubles, RELIEVES IN 24 Hours ALL URINARY DISCHARGES

SANTAL MIDY

Each Capsule contains 0.50 Gm. of Santal Midy. For sale by all druggists.

Henry Waterhouse Trust Co.,
Limited.

Statement of Condition, December 31, 1906

ASSETS	LIABILITIES
Cash on hand and in banks \$7,948.99	Capital:
Bonds	Subscribed
Stocks and other invest-	40 per cent.
ments	paid in
Mortgages secured by real	Shareholders'
estate	ability
Loans, demands and time	Undivided profits
Furniture and fixtures	Trust and agency accounts
Accrued interest receiv-	Accrued interest payable
able	Liabilities other than those
Assets other than those	specified above
specified above	
\$456,190.31	\$456,190.31

Territory of Hawaii, County of Oahu.
I, A. N. Campbell, Treasurer of the Henry Waterhouse Trust Co., Ltd., do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

A. N. CAMPBELL,
Treasurer.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of January, 1907.
JOHN GUILD,
Notary Public, First Judicial Circuit.

Fruity Rhymes

With bread, veal, mutton or ham,
Use Mrs. KEARNS' chutney, jelly and jam;
But Mango Chutney with a good hot steak
Is the relish to take the cake.

FRESH JAM, JELLY, CHUTNEY and MINCEMEAT, AT

Mrs. Kearns',

184 HOTEL STREET. PHONE BLUE 1411.

The Same Night Take A
Turkish Bath

WHAT A DIFFERENCE IN THE MORNING!

Hotel Baths,

HOTEL STREET
NEXT TO YOUNG HOTEL.
OPEN ALL NIGHT.
TURKISH BATH \$1.00
ALL NIGHT \$1.50

Sausage and Cheese

At our delicatessen counter you will find the best there is in imported cheese and sausages. The genuine article of foreign manufacture as well as that from the mainland. We make Bologna sausage fresh every day.

Metropolitan Meat Co., Ltd.

'PHONE MAIN 48.

Electric Light Is

The Safest Light

There is no flame, no smudge, no heat, no odor; no watches needed. Electric light does not consume oxygen, therefore does not rob your air of vitality and freshness.

If you desire, our representative will call and give you any further information.

WRITE OR 'PHONE MAIN 390.

Hawaiian Electric Co., Ltd.

Tel. Main 390

W. H. L. & Co. Double OK S. Double R. Double F.

Weekly Bulletin \$1 Per Year

What Prominent People Say
The Harrison Mutual Burial Ass'n

Messrs. Harrison Mutual Burial Association:

Gentlemen:—Your Association not only assures every member of a proper and decent burial at a very small cost, but relieves others of a responsibility they are not always prepared to meet.

Yours respectfully,
FATHER H. VALENTIN.

Messrs. Harrison Mutual Burial Association:

Gentlemen:—I have carefully investigated the plans of your Association and am heartily in favor with the idea. You may put me on your list as a member, and I recommend everyone to join whether they think they will need the benefit or not.

Respectfully yours,
WM. W. HALL.

I value highly my own membership in the Harrison Mutual Burial Association and recommend every man, woman and child in Honolulu to join.

P. C. JONES.

Gentlemen:—I cheerfully give my indorsement to the Harrison Mutual Burial plan and believe it a great benefit to the community.

Very truly yours,
H. H. PARKER.

Harrison Mutual Burial Association:

Gentlemen:—Every man ought to carry some kind of insurance. It seems to me that this should come first, and I have yet to find a plan which seems more practical or more reasonable than yours. Am glad I have been a member from the start.

Very truly yours,
HENRY C. BROWN.

Mr. W. W. Hall:

I became a member of the association of which you are the president, a little after its start, and am satisfied with what it has fulfilled. The deceased members have received burial respectfully, and had it not been for your association their living ones would undoubtedly feel the funeral expense considerably. I recommend every man and woman and child to join in.

DAVID L. A. I.

"SAVE-THE-HORSE"
SPAVIN CURE

Wm. Larsen, Manager, SAN FRANCISCO NOVELTY LEATHER COMPANY 412 Market Street San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sir:—I used your "Save-the-Horse" on two Splints, on inside of front legs, interfering with the cords of the leg and causing lameness so badly that a very short drive would make the horse set the "part of a cripple." After using two bottles the lameness is gone and the splints disappeared entirely.

Yours truly,
WM. LARSEN.

Costs from \$5 to \$25 for repeated firing, horse must be laid up for several months; not 5 per cent. of the cases are cured. Blistering is less effective. Mercurial preparations produce irreparable injury.

"SAVE-THE-HORSE" eliminates all these factors. Cures without scar, bluish or loss of hair.

Positively and permanently cures Spavin, Ringbone, Thoroughpin, Curb, Splint, Capped Hock, Wind Puff, broken down, bowed or strained tendon or any case of lameness. Horse can be worked as usual and with boots, as no harm will result from scalding of limb or destruction of hair.

\$5.00 per bottle, with a written guarantee, as binding to protect you as the best legal talent could make it.

TROY CHEMICAL CO., Binghamton N. Y. formerly Troy, N. Y.

TRADE SUPPLIED BY HOLLISTER DRUG CO., HONOLULU, HAWAII.

J. LANDO'S

Hotel Street Store

HAS A NEW LINE OF
Collegian Clothes
AND THE DEPOT FOR BOSS OF
THE ROAD OVERALLS.

The Bulletin, 75cts per month